UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

LUME XXX | CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1892 | NUMBER 8

UNITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

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SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

ertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 per line. Advertisements of book publishers red direct · other advertising through LORD & IAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. ders of UNITY are requested to mention this when answering advertisements.

rles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers,

175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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Editorial.

PERHAPS most of the writings of orge William Curtis were of the d that are for the day rather n for the age, but his permanent nument will be a Civil Service of United States, where ability will the only condition of entrance and ficiency or dishonesty the only ditions of discharge. To have inurated a movement in this direc-n, and inspired workers that will halt until the work is accomhed, is glory enough for one life.

AS we go to press the ninth session the Unitarian Ministers' Institute opening at Newton, Mass. The gram promises four days of most eresting discussion upon a variety important subjects. By reason of tance and the cost in time and ney involved, these Institute meet-have hitherto been beyond the h of our western ministers and y. For the sake of our western rches, and yet more for the local sionary value of such an assemge and its work, we should like see the next Institute meeting d here in the West, instead of within the shadow of Boston. We know well the reasons that can be urged for the policy pursued hitherto, but it is worth while to consider if the time has not come for an advance.

A YOUNG man in New York twenty-three years of age recently stole two hundred and fifty dollars and then went before the judge, pleaded guilty and begged to be sent to the Elmira Reformatory, that he might learn a trade and thus become independent. Would it not have been well for the state to have given the young man a chance to be independent without compelling him to become a criminal first? It seems as though we are more rational with our treatment of crime then we are of virtue.

GRADUALLY, but we think decidedly, a reaction is setting in against the unwarranted theological implications and religious interference of Congress in its legislation concerning the Sunday question and the World's Fair. The intelligent citizens of America were not all heard from at that time. We believe that they are not fairly represented by the law in question. The women of New York and of Minnesota through their World Fair boards have expressed their desire for an open Fair, and this desire will we believe be seconded by the sober second thought of a vast majority. When the elections are over, lawmakers will have more time to think of this.

"BOYS, if you will go gunning I have only one request to make of you. Just think once after the aim is taken and the finger is on the trigger—'Do I really want to see that thing dead,' before you shoot." This was the request made to a party of boys well equipped with guns and eager for country sports on the eve of their vacation outing. The guns were unused, the vacation was none the less enjoyable, and not one of these boys are now haunted with the sad vision such as Charles Turner has pathetically described in the following lines:

THE LITTLE GHOST I MADE.

I heard a little spring of secret tears,
For thee, poor bird; thy death-blow was my crime:
From the far past it has flowed on for years;
It never dries; it brims at swallow-time,
No kindly voice within me took thy part,
Till I stood o'er thy last faint fluttering;
Since then, methinks, I have a gentler heart,
And gaze with pity on all wounded wings.
Full oft the vision of thy fallen head,
Twittering in highway dust appeals to me;
Thy helpless form, as when I struck thee dead,
Drops out from every swallow-flight I see.
I would not have thine airy spirit laid;
I seem to love the little ghost I made.

THE day of the "*Kirmess*" is at hand, and the voice of the ticket-seller is heard in our churches. The good people of Evanston, Ill., have been setting the bad example of an entertainment on a big scale under the above mystic name. They have been making lots of money by having the young people dance the fandango, and other amateur ballet performances in Methodist costumes. They have been selling lots of things to lots of people and, if newspaper reports are credible, making lots of money. Perhaps this somewhat over somber town needs this diversion on the theory that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But we hope that this kind of thing will not become contagious. It is selling the intellectual seriousness of a community at too cheap a price. We recently heard a lady speak of the "Charity Ball as a "most delightful way of serving sweet charity." It set us a thinking anew upon the old-fashioned problem as to what is charity; and how is it served? We could not wholly escape certain old-fashioned conclusions, of which it is not necessary here to speak.

A MEETING of the Council of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches is called for Thursday of the present week, to consider the time and place of the next meeting of the Conference. In view of the World's Fair and the noteworthy religious features in connection with it, it would seem the depth of folly to divide the Unitarian interest instead of uniting it upon the worthiest possible representation of the thought and work of the fellowship at the World's Fair in Chicago. The Business session of the Conference can easily be provided for apart from the more public program.

DOES not this simple announcement in the circular letter of the Tuskegee Normal School of Alabama go to the heart of some believer in manual training? This school is one of the most progressive schools among the colored people of the South and conducted by Booker T. Washington, a colored man frequently heard in the conclaves of Unitarians in the North. In connection with his school there are extensive shops of various kinds, and the students have largely erected the buildings and created the plant. This is the appeal:

"*Machinery needed for the wheelright and Blacksmith department.*

No. 1 universal wood-cutter.

One No. 5 hub-mortiser and borer with graduated stroke.

One improved cornering or rounding machine.

One emery stand."

If any believer in manual training will see how economic this plant is and be moved to meet this want, we will be glad to communicate with him or her as to the best means of crystallizing the desire into an act.

IN the *Monist* for October, among other weighty and suggestive articles is one on "The Future of Thought in America," by Prof. E. D. Cope. His standpoint is not that of the rosy-hued optimist, but he has a good word to say for the churches. He thinks "they are doing a good work in keeping ideals of truth and beauty before the people." And he says, "It is the churches which make the majority of scientists and philosophers." This is valuable testimony, coming as it does from one of the foremost of the scientists of America. We wonder how many of his fellow-scientists would agree with him. No doubt to be a scientist or a philosopher any one must have a serious and self-sacrificing spirit; but he must also have one open to all new truths, however subversive of the old it may be. He must have a spirit that knows no such divisions as *heresy* and *orthodoxy*. Do our churches tend to produce such a spirit among their younger members?

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the "Uses of Sentiment" and its redeeming power on many a weary, barren life relates this incident: "I was about to enter my house, when a plain, simply dressed workingman came up to me with a note in his hand, and touching his hat he said, 'I think this is for you, sir,' and then he added, 'Will you give me the envelope, sir, as a great favor?'" I looked at it and seeing it bore the signature of Professor Huxley, I replied, 'Certainly I will, but why do you ask for it?' 'Well,' said he, 'it's got Professor Huxley's signature, and it will be something to show my mates and keep for my children. He has done me and my like a lot of good; no man more.'" Another lesson than that suggested to the writer in the *Gazette*. The apostles of Free Thought, the disciples of Science, are gradually taking their places among the saints—the white-lived helpers of humanity. There is where they belong.

What to Do with Sunday.

The "Sunday opening question" of the World's Fair has simply made prominent a question of much broader significance. It emphasizes one of the pending issues of modern thought. At no point is the artificiality and timidity of conventional Christianity more exposed than at this point. There is not piety enough in the great mass of so-called *Christians* to use Sunday in their own approved way except in a very listless and half hearted fashion. If the pews are well cushioned, the minister's voice sonorous, and the treasurer's appeal not too direct and personal, they may go to church; and a very few will take a class in the Sunday-school if the lessons are easy and *all made out for them*, but if these conditions are not fulfilled they will prefer to sleep and loaf over the latest magazine, ride, themselves, of course, if they have a carriage; but if any one proposes to do something unusual in the way of lifting the ox out of the ditch, they have piety enough to be alarmed, and Christianity enough to be heard in protest. For instance it is safe religious work for a preacher to draw word pictures of great buildings and the noble triumphs of man, that the spiritual lessons therefrom may be enforced, on Sunday evenings in the church, but if the same buildings are to be reproduced before the eye by the stereopticon for the very same purpose, the sanctities are at once threatened, and there is a petition in behalf of the proprieties, not for one's own sake, generally, but for the sake of some imaginary third person whose feelings may be injured. Again, it is quite the proper thing to lecture upon the Bible on Sunday; but if that lecture is to be given by a man competent to represent a university and the lecture be called "University Extension Work," the guardians of piety, as is the case with certain ministers in Chicago at the present time, stand appalled and they vigorously protest. It is very religious work to pass the contribution basket on Sunday, and Debt-Lifting has been lifted into the dignity of a fine art by the church; but if the more quiet, dignified, and altogether reputable, method be pursued of taking a reasonable fee at the door from those who entered, again the sanctities

are invaded and somebody's *religious feelings* are offended.

Thus it is that the SUN-day of the week, the beautiful day of great possibilities, becomes the day of danger, temptation, moroseness, and indolence, made such by the dog-in-the-manger attitude of its guardians.

Notwithstanding all this the Sunday is becoming more *Sunny*. People are learning, slowly, to use and not abuse its privileges. The real secularities of *greed* and of *lust* are being crowded more and more to the wall, and the real spiritualities, intellectual activities, social amenities and moral enthusiasm are being fed more and more by the triumphs of art, science and literature. The stereopticon has already become the acknowledged assistant of a few ministers, and the time is not far distant when every church will consider it a part of the necessary equipment of the pulpit. The "University Extension" work on Sunday night has been so auspiciously begun in Chicago, that it is to go on and not to stop. The pulpit is to have more to do and not less to do with the intellectual, and consequently the moral life of the community.

One of the latest, boldest, and to our minds altogether commendable attempts in the direction of increasing the usefulness of Sunday in these directions comes from St. Louis, and our friend Prof. C. M. Woodward is its champion. He urges the organization of "Sunday Technical Schools" for the benefit of those who cannot find time or strength to equip themselves for the battle of life during the week days. The Professor has in mind the thousands of young men and women in our cities who are entirely beyond the reach of *all churches*, but already in the toils of the "struggle for existence." For such he would organize a *Sunday*-school, in which instruction would be given in drawing, writing, mathemetics, and such other branches as might be sustained; touching the three-hour session with the beauty of "songs and hymns of lofty cheer," and an address or lecture at the close. This is just what John Pounds had in mind when he started the original Ragged Sunday-school in London. It is what is already being done, as Professor Woodward shows, in many of the cities of France, Switzerland and Germany. And we are informed that there is prospect of seeing the experiment tried in St. Louis at an early date. Some of the committee having it in charge are orthodox church members, and why should they not be, for have they not their Captain's assurance that "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." We hope to print, at an early day, extracts from this pamphlet in UNITY. But many of our readers we hope will desire to see the argument in full, and this they can do by sending a request to Prof. C. M. Woodward, Manual Training School, St. Louis.

A Modern Day Psalmist.

"The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die."

So quietly had he lived, so modestly did he do his work and so beautifully did he die, that, mid the din of much work, and the iteration of more famous names, but few, perhaps, have noted the death of Samuel Longfellow. The poet preacher, the devout hymnist is through his work on earth. Many years ago, it was a quiet joke among the knowing to speak of Henry Longfellow as the brother of the poet Samuel Longfellow, so rare was his verse, so delicate was his thought. Fourteen out of the two hundred and fifty-three hymns in the "Unity Hymns and Chorals" were written by Samuel Longfellow, the largest number contributed by any one author except Whittier, who furnishes twenty-one. Though his name was overshadowed by that of his greater brother whose biographer he was, Samuel Longfellow has done a work all his own, and has left the hearts of many men and women more open to high ideals and tender trusts because he has lived. Of the outward record of his quiet life, we have asked another to speak in the columns of UNITY.

For the present, it is better to let him sing his own requiem. We take from the Hymn-Book his lines that belong to literature before they do to the hymn-book, and deserve to be appreciated as such. In such appreciation they will lend themselves the more willingly to the service of praise and devotion.

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night;

And Hope that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels! whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now: exchange with cheer the word,—
The unchanging watchword, Liberty!

Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

Renan.

A BIOGRAPHICAL GLIMPSE.

Renan came of a family of sailors and farmers so obscure that they had inhabited Brittany more than 1300 years without producing a man of note. His mother said they were "all poor as Job; your father had no head for business; when you were born, we were in such a bad way that I took you on my knees and cried bitterly." They were superstitious too, and during his infancy, when a missionary preached that the people ought to burn their dangerous books, and that it was better to burn too many than too few, she burned about all they had. But the boy showed a remarkable fondness for study, and it was naturally decided to make a priest of him. In his sixteeth year he won all the prizes in his college class; and Archbishop Dupanloup, hearing of it, invited him to his Seminary at Paris. There Renan studied three years, and then entered the St. Sulpice Seminary, still liking the "bitter flavor" of the Catholic theology he says, and as "fond of it as a monkey is of nuts." He spent four years in its Issy and Paris branches, studying so closely that he lived in solitude and seldom even went into the streets. But in this study, objections to orthodoxy began to rise in his mind. He resisted them vigorously, and when a professor once said, "You are not a Christian," the phrase filled him with terror, he says; and "sounded all night in my ears like a clap of thunder." But slowly the learned objections heaped themselves, not merely "from one train of reasoning, but from ten thousand," until he saw he could not conscientiously continue his priestly dress and the privileges of the school, and sorrowfully left it. This was forty-seven years ago this mont[illegible] and Renan was then twenty-two.

That brave step cost him the utmost sorrow. In a letter of the next month he wrote: "Good-bye forever to my little room, my books, my peaceful studies. Good-bye to my pleasant past and to those faiths which so gently cradled me. Farewell for me to pure happiness. And my mother, to think of whom was my former solace, is now the cause of my most poignant grief. I am, as it were, stabbing her with a knife. O God! was it necessary that the path of duty should be so stony." But he boldly faced his fate. He found a place to work for his board and lodging, and devoted the rest of the time to study. This study so confirmed his doubts of the orthodox theology that, he says, "at the end of a twelvemonth, I could scarcely understand how I had formerly been able to believe it," and after 1846, he saw nothing miraculous or supernatural in Christianity.

Still he revered and loved Christianity, and very soon formed the plan of writing his great historical work on its "Origins." But he wanted to wait until he had established his reputation as a scholar, and so for the next fifteen years he worked for that, and with remarkable success. He published many volumes of Semitic, Biblical, linguistic and other learned studies, and gained such celebrity both as a scholar and writer, that in 1862 the great critic, Ste. Beuve, devoted to him two of his famous "Causeries," and said, "in the first rank of this strong and brilliant generation is M. Ernest Renan." Then he began to publish his long-planned work on "The Origins of Christianity." Its first volume, "The Life of Jesus," appeared in 1863, and we remember the sensation it made. In six months its sale had reached nearly 100,000 copies in France, it had been translated into the principal European languages, and had called out innumerable books, pamphlets and articles. Renan was then only forty years old, but so much had come of the babe for whose birth his mother in her poverty had wept so bitterly.

Since then he has published nine other volumes in that series and the concluding volume is prepared. Many other writings have also come from his versatile pen, including even several philosophic dialogues and dramas which have had an immense sale. He has become one of the most central figures in literary Paris, and the former hostility of the church has much softened. That old College of France which stopped his lectures thirty years ago, is the place where his late work has been done and where his great funeral procession was formed. His Biblical works are now read by clergymen, with much hospitality and even sympathy. His special interpretations are, of course, criticised, but his honesty and ability are confessed, and his principle that the Bible is a collection of purely natural writings, is the one which is extending everywhere in the "higher criticism." He sees nothing miraculous in the life of Jesus, but he treats Jesus with the greatest reverence and with a sentiment almost romantic. He has everywhere shown a faith, as Ste. Beuve said, "not in the supernatural, but in the Divine."

And Renan's character has been as noble as his work. He may have shown much vanity and self confidence—but he had a right to. He has been curiously free from greed and selfishness. From that early day when he refused a salary of seventy-five dollars a year for his teaching, and only accepted half of it—he has been curiously free from avarice—and deeded away all his writings for what M. Levy chose to give. He has been singularly gentle and polite—and says that even in railroad traveling, the poorest seat generally falls to him unless the station agent kindly gets him a better. Against the Church which has so censured him, he has seldom uttered a hard word, but praises the Catholic priesthood, and says, "all the priests I have known have been good men." He is in sympathy with devotion and doubt, and with everything that is human. Indeed, his very faults come from this wide sympathy, and from that "divine incapacity of seeing evil," which he ascribed to Jesus. He has seen so little evil in the world, that he has not been anxious to reform it. He has given no furtherance to growing democracy, and his "Caliban" makes light of it. His coolness toward reforms has brought him much censure, and Mazzini's last writing was in vehement rebuke of him for it. Doubtless this was Renan's great fault. But let us remember that it came from a wide outlook, and from his purely intellectual standpoint for he said the scholar should consider himself a "spectator in the universe," to whom the world is "only a subject of study."

His gentleness and contentment have had their result and reward in a remarkably happy life. He says he has found "a fund of goodness in nature and society." "I do not think there are many human beings happier than I"—and that he would not care to change anything in his life if he could repeat it. He was trustful about the future too—and wrote only a few years ago: "The infinite goodness which I have experienced in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is pervaded by a goodness not less infinite, in which I repose unlimited trust."

H. M. S.

Men and Things.

A SUBSTITUTE for "oil on the troubled waters" has been discovered by a Frenchman, who by floating a net a thousand yards square with a mesh of five centimeters outside a breakwater, finds that the waves are kept down effectually.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, of the Sandwich Islands, sets a good example to the rulers of more civilized nations. She is said to be an earnest patron of temperance reform. She pays the license fee for a coffee-house opened in her capital city by the Women's Temperance Union, and has banished wine and spirituous liquors from her table at receptions.

ONE of the most interesting illustrations in the illustrated edition of Greene's "Shorter History" now being brought out by Messrs. Macmillan will be the reproduction of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell's mother. It was discovered by Mrs. J. R. Green during a visit to a country house, and the face is said to be a remarkable one and interesting to students of heredity.

THE people of Cherbourg have just erected a monument to the honor of Jean François Millet. It is composed of a granite pedestal surmounted by a bust of the great artist in marble, the work of the sculptor Chapa. A wreath of oak leaves of granite encircles the head, and a little child reaches forward from the arms of its mother, a peasant woman, to offer the palm branch of Victory to the creator of the Angelus. These figures with others representing some of the attributes of art, are in bronze, the work of M. Bonleitter.

MISS MARIE PAIGE, a pupil of Joachim, a young lady who made her first appearance last spring as a violinist accompanied by Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, has come to Chicago to further pursue her art. She bids fair to stand high in the small group of violinists. Our readers will take special interest in the fact that she is a product of the west and the child of an Unitarian family, her home is in Fargo, N. Dak. Her father is the President of the Board of Directors of the Unitarian Society in that place. We welcome her not only to the large life of art but to the liberal fellowship of Chicago.

THE *Home-Maker* for July contains for frontispiece a portrait of Charlotte Emerson Brown, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and an accompanying biographical sketch. The usual array of poems, short stories and other articles make up the Table of Contents. Among other contributors are W. Blackburn Harte, and Ella Rodman Church. A portrait of Miss Bulkley, Dean of the Woman's College of the Chicago University, with sketch, also appears. The Cyclopedia department is dropped from the number, probably because it is the intention of Mrs. Croly to revive it as an independent paper devoted to the interests of Women's Clubs.

Contributed and Selected.

An Autumn Change.

myriad voices fill the summer days
ith melody. The leafy tents of June
cho with joyous carolings, in tune
ith spri.ging life. The humble grassy ways
e gay with chirpings, while cicadæ raise
ieir shrill dry notes through summer's sultry noon.
ie ear to minstrelsy accustomed, soon
arce bends to hear, or notes the strain to praise.
it suddenly, beneath a clouded sky,
chill breeze shows the empty nest on high.
ie frosty grass is still. If any rove
broad he questions of the dreaming year,
'hat do I miss from Nature's ancient cheer?
nd silence answers from the field and grove.

ALICE GORDON.

Iew Phase of the Arian Controversy.

The Arian Controversy has passed ito a new phase which is indicated y Mr. Chadwick in his fine lecture, The Unitarian Church," in UNITY f July 14. "Time was," says Mr. hadwick, "when the majority of merican Unitarians cast in their lot ith Arius, and those who were inlined to question his superiority to thanasius were received with much uspicion and alarm." In the present tage of the controversy Arius has no iends; all the world is Athanasian, r Athanasian as against Arius, "not as illy accepting the thought of Athansius, but thinking that it had more hilosophic truth in it than the Arian onception." Evidenly the danger f exaggerating the significance of rius has passed. More apparent is he liability that those whose debt to he great heresiarch is historically reat may go with the multitude to o evil to his memory. There is a resumption in favor of every strenuus and honest thinker sufficiently ifted to make a name in history, hat he has contributed something or epresented something valuable to uman thought. That Arius, conessedly one of the most acute thinkrs of his time, simply furnished Athanasius an occasion to make a reat theological discovery is not to ave lived in vain, but one would like o find in his career more signifiance.

It is true that Unitarians in this eneration are not Arians, but this ught not to be said without recognizing that it was through Arianism hat English and American Unitariansm came. Mr. Chadwick does not verlook the fact, but neither does he nake it the occasion of that grateful cknowledgment which it seems to ne the circumstance demands. There s a proverb which says, Speak well of a bridge which carries you safely over. It happens that in the most ruitful movement of thought out of raditional trinitarian conceptions oward a rational theology and Christology, the first step taken was to eturn to Arianism.

This was no accident. Arianism vas the last stand made by the human nind in Christendom to preserve the loctrine of pure and simple monothesm and to resist the absolute deificaion of the man of Nazareth. The loctrine was Paul's, that the Son is 'the image of the invisible God, the irstborn of every creature—before ill things and by Him all things consist." It cannot be claimed that Arius idded essentially to this doctrine; is idea of a creature was the same as Paul's; what Arius did was to resist he tendency of his age to go beyond he apostolic standpoint in the process of deification. He deserves to e respectfully mentioned for this effort even if it had failed; much more, seeing that it marked a stage to which he thought of another age easily returned and from which it has proceeded to rationalize its faith.

It must be remembered also that Arianism represents the last attempt of the human mind in Christendom for more than a thousand years to reason at all upon the nature of Christ. It was the reproach of the school of Arius that at every council they appeared with a new statement of faith. No such intellectual activity was brought to bear upon the problem of Christology after the infection of Arianism was stamped out.

Whether the "thought of Athanasius has more of philosophic truth than the Arian conception" is a question which an unbeliever must touch modestly, considering the weight of affirmative opinion. One can read into the Athanasian statement as he can into the Andover creed much that was not originally there and that all the arts of language were employed to exclude. The Athanasian is not the Hegelian trinity, but it happens to be a formula which can be eviscerated, and into which any threefold classification of reality can be interpolated. This has made it convenient in theology, but has not made the original conception better than that of Arius. What we want is a theory of the universe which includes God, or a doctrine of God which includes the universe. Neither the doctrine of Arius nor of Athanasius gives us this. It was the doctrine of Athanasius, as he understood it, that "the Son has no similitude to creatures, nor is cognate with them"; he "is not separated from the Father as we are by being of a substance foreign to his." (Lamson). This human nature which is of a substance foreign to the divine remains so through all the mysterious processes to which it is subjected in the theory of Athanasius. In no sense is it any better off with him than with Arius.

Arius puts the Son in the same relation to the Father as ourselves. He is more than man but he has this in common with humanity, that he is in the catagory of created beings. The enemies of Arius charged that he put Christ "on a level with other men, asserting that we also are able to become like him, Sons of God." (Hall.) Not on a level with other men, but the difference was one of degree not of kind.

To meet the philosophical demand for unity of infinite and finite a new conception of created being was needed, but no more needed by Arius than by Athanasius. "Besides substance and modes nothing exists, and modes are nothing but affections of the attributes of God"—"modes or creatures which immediately depend upon God." It is to Spinoza, or if you desire to go further, to Bruno and Maimonides, that we are indebted for this conception which has made the unity of the divine and human partly thinkable. Athanasius contributed to it no more than Arius.

It is possible to argue that, however it may have been as regards philosophy, it was better practically that Athanasius should triumph, since it gave a united Christendom to confront the dissolution of ancient society and the inroads of Northern barbarism. This is the best justification of the ways of God to men that can be offered in this particular exigency. But the inroad of barbarians came; that was not prevented; and its coming fertilized Europe; one does not see why it should have done less if Arius had held his own. Moreover, while we give thanks that Athanasius triumphed at Nicæa, we have reason to rejoice that the Arian Goth survived to be present at the battle of Chalons and to turn back the tide of the Huns. This has been called "the greatest deed of the Goth," and it saved Europe from a very much worse danger than Arianism. It requires courage to question in history the maxim that whatever is is right, but it is difficult to see what was gained to civilization by the extinction of the Arian kingdom of the Goth in Italy, and of the Vandal in Africa.

S. C. BEACH.

Bangor, Me.

Royalty Threatened.

Since Mr. O'Brien sat up breechesless in his prison cell the nether garments have not occupied such a prominent place in the public mind. They have during the present week reassumed their ascendency, consequent upon a statement made by a seamstress at a public meeting. She had, she averred, been engaged in a sweater's den, making a pair of trousers for the Duke of York, and suggested that the waistcoat belonging to the suit has been made in the adjoining premises, where two inmates were sick unto death with typhoid fever. This was felt to be a regretable matter for his Royal Highness. The sensation it has created is due to the fact that the incident has a direct personal bearing upon nearly every household in London.

The system upon which the Duke of York's orders are accomplished by his tailors exists in the case of all the ordinary customers of West End houses. The cloth, being measured and cut, is given out to persons working outside in dens the conditions of which invite infectious diseases of all kinds. In connection with the Duke of York's small clothes a description is given of the place where they were made—a stuffy, dirty room crowded with workers, and behind it the closet in which the sweater sleeps, his bedstead contriving a double debt to pay. He sleeps on it at night, while by day it holds the unfinished garments of royal Dukes and less important persons. There is the customary clamor for something to be done, but it will shortly die away, and things will go on as heretofore.—*From the London Correspondence of Chicago Tribune.*

The simple fact is that ninety-nine per cent of all who read the gospels, read to confirm pre-existing notions. They learn Christian theology, and come to believe in the awful eternal penalties alleged for wrong belief before they know anything about the Bible. Then of course they find what they seek. The people on "Inquirendo Island" found the same marvelous teaching in the Arithmetic. The judgment of a man who feels that his eternal welfare depends on believing this or that or on finding this or that teaching in the Bible—that man's judgment is absolutely worthless.—*Universalist Monthly.*

THAT is the most perfect religion that recognizing the humanity in man, can afford to dispense with everything that has distinguished religion hitherto, in order that it may show how righteousness, integrity, charity can be made to adorn and beautify the world; for it is this religion that inaugurates the worship of the Spirit in spirit, in truth.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

THE incarnation is not merely the indwelling of the spirit of God once for thirty-three short years in a human life—it is the indwelling of God in all his children. It is only as we reflect as from a mirror the image of God that we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.—*Christian Union.*

"As a rule, we believe as much as we can, we would believe more if we could."—*William James.*

THE Radicals worship the ideals of their work.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

Doctors disagree. They have to. There are differences of opinion among the best; there will be so long as knowledge is incomplete.

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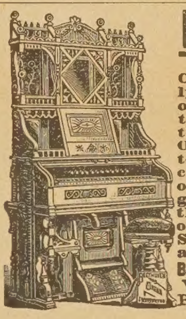

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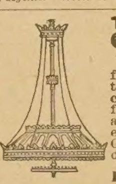

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Church Door Pulpit.

Ernest Renan.

A Discourse by Emil G. Hirsch.

No explanation, I feel, is needed, for devoting an hour to a grateful review of the labors and the life of the great French scholar, who recently passed away to his eternal rest. Had even his sphere of research, and his contributions to the scholarship of the age, been less closely related to the literature which Judaism produced, and to the religion which the Jews profess, it would have been in keeping with our custom, to place a wreath upon this tomb newly opened in the French Pantheon. For the thought life of our age is so organized, that discoveries in one region, affect at once the conditions of all others. The divisions into separate provinces, which for convenience's sake we map out in the empires of knowledge, are merely conventional. The domain of one science cannot be isolated from that of another so as to exclude the possibility of interaction and intercourse. The great physicists, for instance, have compelled the great metaphysicians to reconstruct their systems, as these in turn place upon their colleagues in the laboratory or the observatory, the duty to re-examine the bases upon which their calculations rest. The historian re-writing the account of early days, places perhaps in an altogether new light certain facts which will induce the theologian to recast his scheme of dogmatics. Therefore it is incumbent upon one who would follow with open eyes the thought movement of his time, occasionally to take his position on a high outlook, permitting him to embrace in one sweeping glance the delicately lined and interlaced threads of the mental fabric of his days. And whensoever one of the masters who threw the shuttle on the loom is called away from his post, it behooves the thoughtful to give more than a moment's reflection to the life and labor thus completed. Among the many who affected the opinions of men in our generation, the French academician, news of whose death was flashed across the ocean last week, holds a prominent rank. As in his life, his fame traveled beyond the bounded possessions of his nation, and became the property of the civilized world, so after his death his memory will outlast the years of his contemporaries, and will swell the "choir invisible" of the truly immortal.

Biography stands for more than the framework of dates. Bibliography is but a poor apology for the full representation of the literary and scientific value of a writer's contribution. Behind the books is a soul, and within the territory bounded by birth and death and between the mileposts of childhood and manhood and dotage, is enacted the play of spiritual forces and conflicts. We cannot say that we know a man if the catalogue of dates standing for the mileposts along life's path is familiar to us. Even photographic reproduction of his physiognomy and figure leads to little more than the very first prerequisite of deeper recognition. If we, moulded of the ordinary clay, have the right to insist that we stand for more than the succession of birthdays and wedding anniversaries, and school days and professional ventures or business enterprises, those chosen few within whom burn the spark of genius certainly represent a higher movement than the alternation of circling seasons and the whirl of external experiences. With these details, then, of Renan's life, we would today have no concern. The encyclopædias are at the disposal of all that would cull such information. The place of his birth, and the surroundings of his earlier or later days, are merely of moment, in so far as by them, perhaps, is furnished a key to the peculiar characteristics of his method, and the accident of his language. Renan was a Frenchman; he was a Breton; his early training was had under the influence of Gallican Catholicism. These undoubtedly are factors that must be remembered, if a correct appreciation of his idiosyncracies, and the discovery of the local source of his powers, is looked for.

The French mind is so organized as to combine fluency of language with clearness of thought. This natural and national bent accounts for the prominence which the French command in the exact and mathematical sciences. But to this faculty of theirs is also due their love for glittering generalizations. The history of the French people proves abundantly that a happy phrase has over their affections and sympathies a potency, which cooler, calmer and more analytic minds can scarcely understand. As writers the French excel in the art of lucid and seductive presentation. All these gifts and failings, the national fairy presiding over his birth, placed in abundance into the cradle of Ernest Renan. As he wrote, none other could have written but a Frenchman; as he thought, none other could have thought, unless the same sun which kissed him into waking life had also greeted the other. It is well-known that among the masters of the art of writing so numerous in the modern literature of France, Renan wears the consular toga. Regardless of their contents, his books as models of good style are simply monumental. On the other hand, the weakness which seems to be the inseparable shadow of this virtue is also clearly discernible in all his works. For brilliancy of construction, carried away by the fondness for generalizing, he often sacrifices critical judgment and leaps to hasty conclusions. His foundations are in consequence of this passion of his, more or less insecure, and however well-knitted the added framework may be, as the understructure is untrustworthy, the superstructure lacks stability. The merit of Renan will always consist much rather in having given in France and elsewhere, a new impetus to inquiry; but his positive results will be ruled, as indeed they have been, out of court by calmer scholarship. I would, of course, not create here the impression that Renan was not a scholar. He has been a student of the Semitic dialects, and was at home in their literature. His name will ever be connected with the history of Semitic epigraphy, and it is perhaps in this branch where he has rendered the most valiant service to Semitic philology. But in this domain only a few are at home; they deplore in his death the loss of a leader and colaborer hard to replace. To these his researches, the general public has but little occasion to pay attention. To the laymen, Renan is known as the iconoclastic Biblical critic, the man who for the sake of his convictions resigned the prospects of a brilliant hierarchical career and suffered martyrdom, paying for his fame by the loss of his professorship.

A few words on his "Life of Jesus," which as you all know was the introductory volume to his studies on "The Origin of Christianity," are even here not out of place. For that work displays all the characteristic virtues and vices of Renan's method. He is not a believer; he makes no effort to conceal the fact that the old records are not trustworthy guides and contain but little material original in the period of which they profess to give a report. But on the other hand, our author has no hesitancy when it suits his purposes, to use the very material as one would to whom no doubt and no criticism suggested caution and care. A comparison of his "Life of Jesus" with the German works of the critical schools covering the same ground, will at once render clear, that the French writer, while appealing more intensely than any other to the attention of the general public, does not satisfy the requirements of the scholar. This and many of his other works could not but shock the plain and unsophisticated believer, but to as great an extent did it challenge the dissent of the critical investigator. In other words, the Jesus that Renan fashions, is a figment of his own fancy. He sets before us a brilliant psychological delineation of that lofty character, but it is the analysis of a character formed in the author's own mind previous to the investigation of the historical data. Nor is that character as drawn by Renan so self-consistent. While reading the book we are carried away by the rhythmic cadence of its sentences, by the sustained notes of its descriptions, by the art of the writer. But after we have concluded its perusal, and we pause to cast the sum total, we are at a loss to account for the possibility, that within one soul, such conflicting tendencies should be blended. We are not clear in our mind whether Jesus was a mere enthusiast or an imposter. Some of the chapters even lead us to infer that he was more than mortal; others create the impression that he was less than moral. Was he a mere wonder-worker, or was his a higher mission? All these questions crowd upon us, but Renan guides not to the answer satisfactory. For each estimate there is warrant in his presentation; but whatever conclusion we would draw, the inference is as clearly disputed by another chapter. It has been said, and that with considerable justice, that Renan's Jesus is a novel and not a history. It cannot be ranked with Strauss's book, or with Schenkel's "Life of Jesus," or with Hausrath's or with Schuerer's volumes covering that important period. Its proper place is with Wallace's "Ben Hur," remarkable for vividness of style, but altogether worthless if put to the tests of critical scholarship.

There is no doubt in my mind that the traditions of the Catholic church, besides the intensity of the French nature, with its well-known peculiarities, account for these inconsistencies in this and other works of Renan. The Catholic church has always been free from Bibliolatry. Its doctrine of apostolic succession and continued revelation saved it from falling into the error of its Protestant opponents. As in Judaism, so in Catholicism, the Bible stands merely for one phase in religious development, and is not the sum total of religion's message. The old rabbis were little concerned about the infallibility and inerrancy of the Biblical records. In their system, perhaps the whole Bible might have been eliminated, with the exception of those portions of the law which have reference to the practical duties of life. With something of the same freedom of indifference, the Bible is regarded by the Catholic church. However, in its interpretations of the Biblical stories, Catholicism has always leaned toward rationalism. This name covers the attempt to save the letter at the expense of the spirit. Biblical miracles are in its retorts reduced to commonplace natural occurrences. The miraculous element is volatilized. This leads at once to the imputation of conscious fraud to those who performed these seeming miracles, or reported them as miracles contrary to their better knowledge of the actual fact. The bungling hand of rationalism thus snatches from the brow of the great prophets the priceless crown of honesty, and mak them the fellows of jugglers a sleight-of-hand performers. Whoev has read Renan's books, both earlier and his later, will have amp proof for the statement, that on t whole, his method is not free fr this leaning; hence results the se contradictory presentation of the gre personalities of whom he treats.

If the interest aroused, and t number of editions tumbling hot fr the press into the hands of the read or the instantaneous translation in almost all the languages of civiliz humanity, is warrant for stamping book epoch-making, Renan's "L of Jesus" certainly belongs to th select circle. It was the first, at events, that spread his fame over t inhabited globe. Comments and cri cism, denunciation and defense, d cussion and admiration, as may expected, followed in the wake of th bold, attractive and withal unsatisfa tory attempt. The author himself, consequence, was forced to resign h position at the College de Franc But if the church and the governme thought by this heroic treatment cure the ex-professor of his rashnes and to put a stop to further public tions from his pen, of this kind, th were mistaken. The "Life of Jesus is the first in a series of volumes d voted to the elucidation of tho processes which finally culminated the foundation of the church. It w followed by a biography of St. Pa a treatise on the apostles, a dissert tion on the anti-Christ, and final another on Marcus Aurelius. A the books in this series are marvels literary art. The gifted pen of th scholar halts not; he marshals t linguistic legions of his mother tongu with consummate strategy. Words a in his hand but plastic clay, and t most delicate shades of thought succeeds in expressing, where clumsier touch the material wou have proven brittle. There is a state music and a wonderful rhythm whatsoever Renan writes. As class cal illustrations of the best style French writing of this age, this seri on the origin of Christianity w doubtlessly be consulted and read posterity. He reminds of the o charioteers, now urging their fie steeds and again holding them bac but pushing on to the goal wi steady hold, their lances flashing the sun, the arrow ready on t drawn bow. His steeds are the i petuous words of the French tongu his chariots, his thoughts; his lanc his science; his arrow, the point satire. But if we should ask t question whether the more restrict company of scholars will place h among those productions which f all times to come must be studied the adept in the science of which th profess to treat, the answer is not plainly in the affirmative. In fac the signs are not wanting, that ev now they have lost much of their a traction. With the exception p haps of the "Life of Jesus," the ne disciples will scarcely devote time attention to the reading of Renar descriptions of early Christianit rise. As intimated before, in t domain, notwithstanding Renan's a bition, the Germans still own t palm. And for solid, critical a careful investigation, Havet's "*Christianisme et ses Origines*," even less brilliantly written, has tota eclipsed, even in France, the kind volumes by Renan.

From the inception of his plan write the history of the developm of Christianity, it had been clear Renan's mind, that without t proper presentation of Judaism a its historical evolution, the never full exposition of the facts bearing Christianity's growth, would be l a house fully equipped in the interi to which the portals and the windo

ad been forgotten. Thus it was his ıtention as soon as time would allow, ɔ write also by way of introduction ɔ Christianity's history, the story of srael's life and labor. To this task ere devoted his last years, and so ır three volumes have been published, ut we are assured that the fourth, nd if I mistake not the concluding, s fortunately so far advanced as ıaterially to be ready for the press. 'hese studies on the fate and faith of srael displays all the strength char- cteristic of their author, but again ı the same degree the full measure f his failings. Renan had his pecu- ar theory on the religion of the Se- ites. As early as 1859 or 1860, in is "Comparative History of the emitic Dialects," he had formulated ıis, his pet notion. It has often een rehearsed and criticised, but evertheless, for the sake of complete- ess, and also in order to do justice to ıe position taken by Renan, in re- ard to Biblical personages and ooks, it will be necessary for us ɔ-day to devote once more a few ınutes to its fuller consideration. ccording to the French savant, the emitic clans are gifted with what e chooses to style the monotheistic stinct. Contrasting the mental abitus of the Aryans with that of ıe Semites, he ascribes to the former ıalytic powers, or powers of analy- s leading at once to the conception the multiplicity of natural forces at ay in the world, and, in consequence, their personification and deifica- on. The Semite lacks imagination ıd the gift of analysis. He is indeed ıe son of the desert. His mind is ıe photograph of his native home. he desert symbols monotony, so does ıe Semitic soul. It can read the ɔmplex problems of the universe ıly in terms of a dreary monotonous ıity. By nature, then, the Semite a believer in *one* God. But this *e* God represents, not the highest ıd most abundant thought in relig- n, it is as he phrased it, the mini- um in religious fervor and force. his ingenious and certainly novel eory was met by universal dissent. or was it difficult to refute funda- ental assumptions. There are philo- phical considerations which seem to spute the right to predicate of man stinct. The moment evolution of ıysical life reaches the point where an is framed, instinct is replaced by ason. There are possibly presented the lower forms of organized life, rtain phenomena, which seem to ow that human reason has had its ebler antecedents in the operations brute brains. But it is certain that ese foreshadowings are so indistinct to emphasize still more strongly e wide difference between brain ac- on in man and the corresponding ocess in the animal. To speak, en, of an instinct, especially of a ligious instinct, blind, uncontrolled, d unreasoning, as operative in a ıole race, appears to be unwar- nted. In very fact, these generali- tions of the qualities, moral, mental spiritual of a whole set of men, are ry seductive, but exceedingly eacherous.

(*Concluded next week.*)

THE child is innocent who has not t been called aside from the path of ctitude. The man is virtuous who s been enticed on the right hand d on the left and has kept in the th of rectitude. Virtue is victory, d there can be no victory without ttle. The wilderness was better an Eden; for through the door by ıich man entered into the wilderness entered into a long, long strife that as to make virtue out of innocence. *Lyman Abbot.*

AVOID the bigotry of liberalism.— *. B. Frothingham.*

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Mother and Babe. By Mrs. Jenness Miller, New York: Jenness Miller Co. $2.00.

In bringing before mothers her new book "Mother and Babe," Mrs. Jenness Miller has done that which should have been done by some one long ago, – she has suggested a rational dress for mother and child, and proper exercise and diet during the important months before baby's arrival. The headings of the chapters give an excellent idea of the matter contained in the book, and are as follows: Motherhood, a Natural Function; Baby's Right to be Well Born; Dress, Diet, and Exercise; The Supreme Moment; Dress for Baby; Common Sense in the Care of Mother and Baby. There is much which might be quoted, did space permit, and the noble sentiments uttered in the second and third chapters should find an echo in every true woman's heart. The book serves also as a portfolio, containing cut paper patterns of dress for mother and child—a very valuable addition. The make-up is in every way attractive.

The Foot-path Way. By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo, pp. 245. $1.25.

The healthful and happy spirit in which these charming sketches are written makes at once an appeal for the outdoor life they portray. Their botanical and ornithological lore is pervaded by a strong personality and fund of quiet humor. Eager enthusiasm over all the beautiful out-of-the-way paths, over the flowers, the trees and their nests overflows in these pages. The birds are watched and studied without a gun in a sympathetic manner that goes to one's heart. Whether it be the life on the shore or among the mountains, or in some orchard or garden, the writer is always "looking and listening," and happy the humming-bird, the thrush or the Weymouth pine that has so loving an interpreter!

M. E. F.

IT is not generally known that Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian poet and dramatist, can claim descent from the royal family of Scotland, through the old Forfarshire family of the Dischingtons of Aberlemno. A writer in the *Dundee Advertiser* traces the lineage from this family down to one Thomas Dischington, who was minister of St. Magnus Kirkwall, in 1660, one of whose descendants emigrated to Norway about 1720 and settled in Bergen. His daughter, Wenche Dischington, married Henrik Petersen Ibsen, a ship's captain, and they took up their residence in the town of Skien, in southern Norway. This Scottish lady was the great-grandmother of the poet.

THE Unitarian Sunday-school Society have recently published a series of lessons entitled, "Noble Lives and Noble Deeds," by different authors. They are fashioned somewhat on the plan of Kate Gannett Wells' "Corner-stones of Character," published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, but with more elaboration and with concrete examples. The first four numbers before us discuss Self-control, Concentration, Honesty and Observation; taking as representative characters to exemplify these virtues, George Washington, Mary Carpenter, Abraham Lincoln and Audubon. They are well arranged to be interesting to classes of younger children.

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The Farmer's Tariff Manual by a Farmer. By Daniel Strange, M. Sc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. xiv, 363. $1.25.

The Captain of the Kittiewink. By Herbert D. Ward. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 320. $1.25.

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Notes from the Field.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The Michigan State Conference of Unitarian and Independent Churches held its annual meeting here October 11–13, with the Independent Congregational Church of this city, of which Rev. W. D. Simonds is minister. The program, as announced heretofore in UNITY, was carried out with but few changes. Miss Hultin, who represents Sherwood, Mich., as well as Moline, Ill., was unable to be present, and Mr. Hugenholtz, of Grand Rapids, and Mr. Jennings, of Toledo, O., were missed in the discussions for which they were named upon the program. The weather was magnificent, and Battle Creek with its maple-shaded streets was in nature's holiday attire. The attendance during the day sessions was very good, considering the claims of daily cares upon the average man and woman; but the evening congregations were notable for numbers and bore witness to the local interest in the meetings. For three successive evenings the large church-edifice was filled with an attentive and sympathetic audience. As a whole, this annual meeting of the Conference seemed to be generally regarded as one of unusual interest throughout its program. The hospitality of the Independent Congregational Church and its minister left none and nothing unprovided for. Homes and hotels seemed alike at the service of their guests. The social reception on the first evening, following Reed Stuart's admirable sermon, helped to home all visitors at once. The large vestry was turned into a parlor, and plants and flowers lent their beauty to the scene. Miss Bartlett, of Kalamazoo, was back from her summer across the ocean just in season to conduct the morning meeting of Thursday. The Conference closed the same evening with a sermon by F. L. Hosmer, who also remained in the city and preached for Mr. Simonds on Sunday morning. We have not space to speak in detail of the various papers and addresses; it is enough to speak of the meetings throughout as of interest and profit. We hope these days of acquaintance and fellowship may bring our Michigan Unitarian churches and the friends in Battle Creek into farther acquaintance and closer fellowship, as working along essentially the same lines to like ends. Our Unitarian churches are also all "independent congregational." They recognize neither pope, synod, council, nor conference as having compelling authority touching any matter whatsoever.

—The "Manual" of the Battle Creek church, distributed in the pews, is a bit of interesting local religious history and shows also the varied activities of the present society under its earnest and busy minister, Mr. Simonds. Organized over fifty years ago by a combined following of the Presbyterian and (orthodox) Congregational folds, it remained in connection with the presbytery of Michigan until 1883, when, under the ministry of Rev. Reed Stuart, it became an independent church and took its present name. There was a secession of the most conservative or orthodox element, and a new chapel arose in the neighborhood of the old church. It was an exact repetition of what took place in many an old Congregational church in New England in the early part of the century,—the new wine of larger knowledge and vision rending the old skins that admitted no expansion commensurate with its needs.

Hillside, Wis.—In making out a schedule of the Unitarian forces in Wisconsin it will not do to overlook the work at this place, here is situated the third oldest Unitarian society in the state, now active. It has been in active operation for nearly twenty-two years, during which time its services have seldom been suspended. During the last five or six years it has held regular Sunday services. Its non-resident pastor has been resident one-sixth of the time, and the work done has had obvious influence in at least three counties. Since the first of September Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., has become resident pastor, and his services are of growing interest. Here they have one of the best organized, and perhaps the largest Unitarian Sunday-schools in the state, with the attendant activities of Unity Club, Teachers' meetings, etc. The Hillside Home School, which gives Academic importance to this work, has just added a new assembly hall for physical training and similar purposes. The capacity of the home school has for the first time been exhausted, the maximum of thirty resident pupils being in attendance. Certain changes pending will make four or five vacancies about the first of November. A new parsonage is in process of erection, and other building activities are going up in the valley which will increase the boarding facilities outside the school. Altogether the liberal cause which UNITY represents has something to expect from Hillside and its neighbor Tower Hill. If Unitarianism is to conquer it must prove itself capable of living in the country as well as in the city. Here is one of our very few country churches. The next twenty years ought to make many more of them in the Mississippi Valley.

Illinois Conference.—The following program of the Illinois Conference to be held in Moline, October 25–27, has been received. Tuesday 4 p. m., Directors Meeting; 7:45 p. m., Annual Sermon, F. L. Hosmer. Wednesday, 9 a. m., Devotional Meeting, J. C. F. Grumbine, Geneseo; 10 a. m., Business Session; Address of Welcome, Ida C. Hultin, Moline; Reports and General Business. 2 p. m., Paper: "Pleasant Tendencies in the United States," Miss Donna I. Pervier, Sheffield; 2:30 p. m., Paper: "The Drift Towards Nationalism," Geo. B. Penney, Geneva; 3 p. m., Paper: "The Church's Attitude Toward Social Problems, To-day," V. H. Brown, Buda; Discussion; 7:45 p. m., Platform Meeting, "Four Hundred Years of Religions Development," (*a*) "The Theological and Ethical Conditions, A. D., 1492," W. W. Fenn, Chicago; (*b*) "Important Epochs of Change Since Then," A. W. Gould, Hinsdale; (*c*) "Résumé of Present Conditions," Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago. Thursday, 9 a. m., Devotional meeting, T. G. Milsted, Chicago; 10 a. m., Business Session; Election of Officers. 2 p. m., "Contribution of the Columbian Exposition to Religion," Mrs. M. H. Perkins, Chicago; 2:30, In Memoriam Addresses: Walt Whitman, G. W. Skilling, Dixon; Geo. Wm. Curtis, S. B. Loomis, Monmouth; John G. Whittier, J. C. F. Grumbine, Geneseo; 3:30, Vespers and closing sermon, "Natural Religion as a Spiritual Stay," J. V. Blake, Chicago. A cordial greeting to the Conference and other independent societies is extended, and a request is made that friends will notify Mr. E. F. Howe, Moline, Ill., of their intentions in time that suitable provisions be made.

Chicago.—The "Convention of Housekeepers," under the auspices of the "Woman's Branch of the Congress Auxiliary" (Mrs. Potter Palmer, President; Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Vice-president), and the "Columbian Association of Housekeepers" (Mrs. John Wilkinson, President; Mrs. Thomas F. Gane, Vice-President), will be held in Recital Hall, Auditorium Building, Monday next, October 24. The program has addresses and reports by the above presidents, and the following papers: "Household Life in Village Communities Among Rural Population," by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Harbert; "Need of Scientific and Business Training Among Women," by Mrs. Helen Campbell, of New York; "Transitions in the Industrial Status of Women," by Prof. Katherine Coman, of Wellesley College; "Home Sanitation," by Dr. Leila G. Bedell; "Scientific and Hygienic Cooking," by Miss Mary A. Boland, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. The morning session begins at ten o'clock; the afternoon session at two o'clock. There will be an evening session at 7:30, when the "Possibilities of Reform Through Organization and Co-operation Among Housekeepers" will be presented by Mrs. Helen E. Starrett; "Club Life Among Employés," by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House; "The Elevation of Domestic Labor to the Dignity of Professions and Trades," by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel, of Ann Arbor.

Boston.—The very attractive and useful Vesper services inaugurated by Rev. Brooke Herford in the Arlington Street Church, are continued by his successor to full audiences. —The Sunday-school Union debated the question of the standard of Sunday-school instruction in the various denominations. —Rev. D. M. Wilson, of Quincy, Mass., has been appointed New England superintendent of churches.

Philadelphia.—Mr. Salter announced the following lectures for the present month before the Society for Ethical Culture: Oct. 9—"On the Heights"; Oct. 16—"The Moral Education of Children"; Oct. 23—"Loyalty"; Oct. 30—"Principles in the Social Questson." The Society meets in the New Century Drawing-room, 124 S. Twelfth St. All lectures and meetings of the Society are free to the public.

Fargo, N. Dakota.—The new Unitarian Church which has been nursed into existence by our fellow worker, William Ballou, is within a month of completion. It is built of cream brick with stone trimmings, convenient in interior design, and is externally plain. We congratulate our friends on so early a homing.

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ı.—Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;
I just wear my wings.
n.—Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed
es.—If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain.
d.— . . . . Heaven is a different thing
Conjectured, and waked sudden in.
urs.—Oh, for a bee's experience
Of clovers and of noon.
.—Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.
.—God permits industrious angels
Afternoons to play.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

Requiescat.

craved for thee the doubtful boon of life.
childish soul, of rarer fibre than its fellows,
n-shadowed, and so soon opprest
h evil's mystery dim-felt,
fretted in the alien air of this ungenial clime,
l pined for fellowship and peace.
mother's heart e'en agonized
t thou might'st taste in full
bitter-sweet of womanhood's estate—
sting her tender love to shield thee
m whatever ills might be in store,
care to heal all wounds.

Destiny, more kind, spake wisely thus,
ling benignant face 'neath mask of doom:
his gentle child is mine.
must with me, but softly;
ill not that the temple frail
racked with torture."
th's angel, summoned, came—
eet messenger of God's deep peace!
h wand of sleep he stroked the plaintive eyes,
full of childhood's faith and innocence!
l silence fell. We call it Death—
saddest ignorance of heavenly speech—
l weep that thou hast *rest*.

D. C. H.

e Was an Old Family Friend.

An old man was leading a thin old rse across the commons in the rthern part of the city, when a sser-by asked him where he was ng.

'I'm searching for a bit of green the poor beast," he answered.

'I'd send him to the boneyard or glue factory," said the other conptuously.

'Would you?" asked the old man a trembling voice; "if he had been best friend you had in the world, l helped you to earn food for your nily for nearly twenty-five years? the children that's gone and the ildren that's livin' had played with ir arms around his neck, and their ads on him for a pillow, when they d no other? Sir, he's carried us to ll and to meetin,' an', please God, shall die like a Christian, an' I'll ry him with these old hands. Nody'll ever abuse old Bill, for if he es afore me, there are those who paid to look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man o had accosted him; "there's a fference in people."

"Ay, and in horses, too," said the l man as he passed on with his fourted friend.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Louisa Alcott's Bonnet.

[From the story of her life lately published.]

My bonnet has nearly been the ath of me; for, thinking some gel might make it possible for me go to the mountains, I felt a wish r a tidy hat, after wearing an old e till it fell to tatters on my brow. rs. P. promised a bit of gray silk, d I built on that; but when I went r it, she let me down with a crash, ying she wanted the silk herself, d kindly offered me a flannel pettiat instead. I was in woe for a ell—having $1 in the world, and orning debt, even for that prop of fe, a bonnet. Then I aroused myself, flew to Dodge, demanded her cheapest bonnet, found one for $1, took it and went home, wondering if the sky would open and drop me a trimming. I am simple in my tastes, but a naked straw bonnet is a little too severely chaste even for me. Sky did not open; so I went to "Widow Cruse's oil bottle"—my ribbon box—which, by the way, is the eighth wonder of the world; nothing is ever put in, yet I always find some old dud when all other hopes fail. From this salvation bin I extracted the remains of the old white ribbon and the bits of black lace that have adorned a long line of departed hats. Of the lace I made a dish on which I thriftily served up bows of ribbon, like meat on toast; inside put the lace bow, which adorns my form anywhere when needed. Strings are yet to be evolved from chaos. I feel that they await me somewhere in the dim future. Green ones, pro tem., hold this wonder of the age upon my gifted brow, and I survey my hat with respectful awe. . . . . I feel very moral to-day, having done a big wash alone, baked, swept the house, picked the hops, got dinner, and written a chapter in "Moods."

Not a Bit Stuck Up.

Christine Nilsson was once at the house of a Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner.

On entering the dining-room she dropped her host's arm, and hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, seized him effusively by the hand and engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment.

"That man," she exclaimed to the group when they were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find under such changed circumstances."—*American Youth.*

"WELL, Tom," said papa, "what have you been doing to-day?"

"I have n't been doing; I've been don'ting," said Tom.

"What is don'ting?" asked papa.

"Trying to please mamma," said Tom.

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Solomon and his Temple.

What was the difference between Solomon and the two first kings? What should we think of the way in which the author of 1 Kings 11:1 ascribes his idolatry to the bad influence of his heathen wives? (See B. f. L., II. p. 83, 84.)

What do we know of the temple he built for Jahweh? (B. f. L., II. 84 to 87.) Were his contemporaries pleased with it? (B. f. L., II. p. 12, 87, 88.) (Knappert, p. 90 and 91 to 93.) How did this temple agree with the oldest code of law, Exod. 20 to 23, *e. g.*, Ex. 20:23? Was the Mosaic party right in its opposition? Why, then, has his temple raised him so high in the eyes of posterity? (Gannett, p. 7.)

What must we think of Solomon's famed wisdom? Was such luxury as he spread what we call wise? (1. Kings 10:14 to 21.) Or is it wise to have a hundred and more wives? (1 Kings 11:3.) (See B. f. L., II. p. 72, 75 to 77.) His famous judgment (1 Kings, 3:16 to 28) may prove great cunning. The legend of his dream (1 Kings, 3:2 to 15) with its strict religious character can only be considered as the glorification of a later age (B. f. L., II. p. 73 to 75.)

Where do we find the history of Saul and David? Where that of Solomon and succeeding kings? When were the books of Samuel and of Kings written and what is their value as historical books? (See Toy p. 35, 39, 77.)

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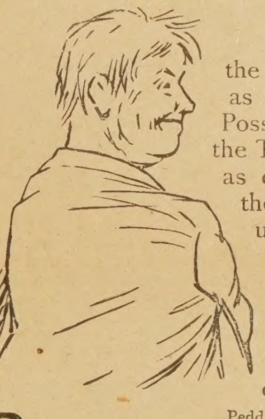
The worst we know of David was his family life. Not satisfied with the many queens he had already, he wishes to take one more, who was married with one of the captains of his army. Tell in what way David murdered her husband. (2 Sam. 11:14 to 27.) Then Nathan's worthy conduct (2 Sam. 12:1–7) and David's penitence (vs. 13.)

But can there be a happy home with several mothers in it? (B. f. L., II. p. 37.) At least what we read of David's children does not prove high respect for their father. Tell the history of Absalom. His external beauty (2 Sam. 14:25, 26) did not correspond with his false character (2 Sam. 15:1–6.) Memorable characters in this episode are Hushai and Ahithophel (2 Sam. 16:15 to 20; 17:1 to 23). The solution of this war is found 2 Sam. 18. Mark the contrast in ch. 18. vs. 17 and 18 and David's mourning in vs. 33.

Shortly afterwards another of his sons tries to dethrone his father, until he himself chose his son Solomon to his successor. 1 Kings 1:5 to 53.)

His last will (1 Kings 2:5 to 9) is horrible. God forbid that our last will should be such a wish for revenge!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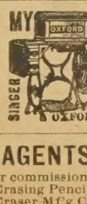
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